

*Let me tell you a story.*

*A story from a long time ago.*

*Once, there were many gods,  
working together in harmony.*



*They created trees of life,  
whose fruit  
would bear  
the first  
mortals.*



*You know. Our great, great,  
great, great so and so's.*

*The gods used magic  
to control the mortals,  
to teach them how to  
take care of the world  
they would inherit.*



*And for a while, that worked out pretty  
well. It seemed as though the mortals  
were finally ready for the responsibility  
of free will, when suddenly...*

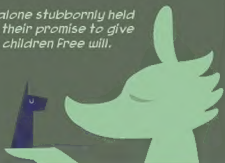


*..For whatever reason, the  
gods changed their minds.  
They decided we were no longer  
worthy of the gift of choice.*



Only one god, Pidelphi of the pouch,  
still held favor for the mortals.

She alone stubbornly held  
onto their promise to give  
their children free will.



Again and again, she tried to convince  
her brothers and sisters to reconsider.

She argued,

She pleaded.

But they always  
struck her down.



She knew that she couldn't  
outmatch her siblings as she  
was. She simply couldn't win.

So she did  
something  
drastic.

Something  
they could  
never imagine  
of her.



She went to her own  
tree of life, the tree  
that bore all of her  
opossum children and  
tied us to the magic of  
the gods...



...And she tore  
it open.



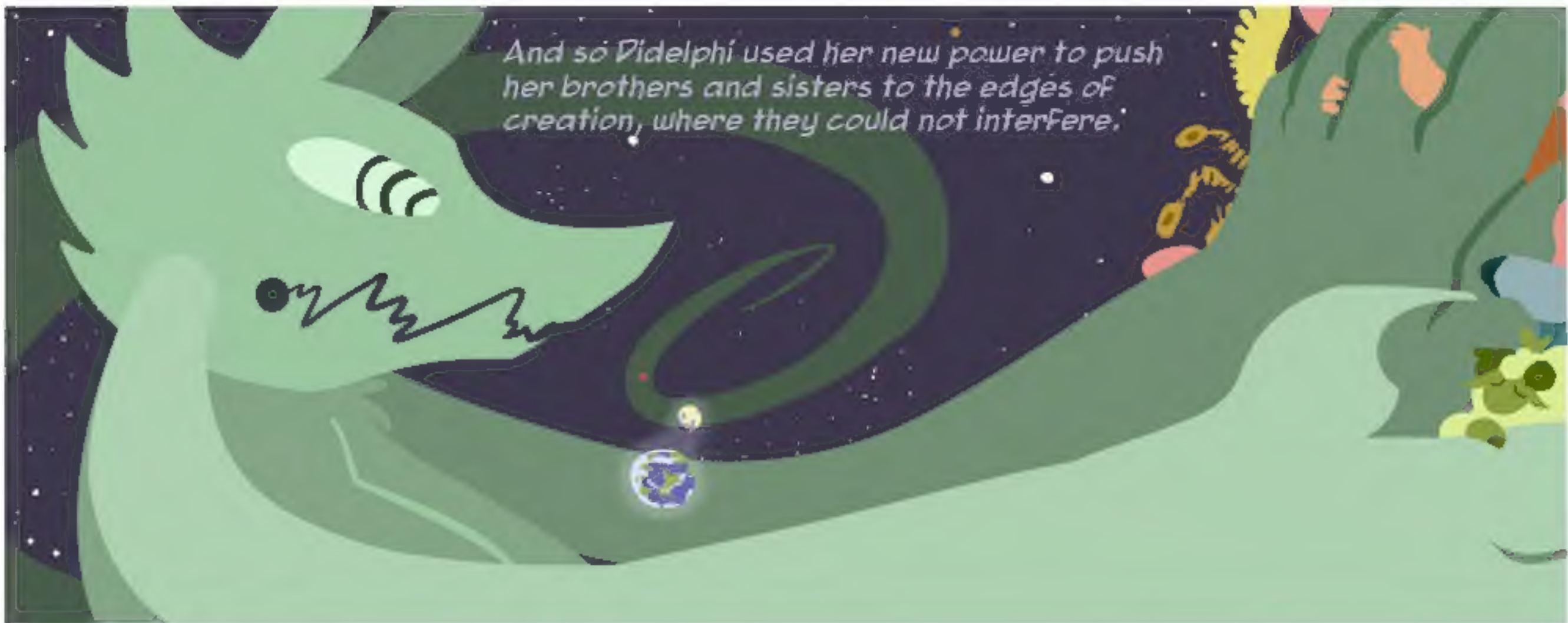
She took the enormous reserve of magic inside into herself,  
draining it from our bloodline permanently.

And in doing so, she ensured that no child of hers  
could ever be harmed or controlled by its touch.

By her hand, we  
would be free.







And so Didelphi used her new power to push her brothers and sisters to the edges of creation, where they could not interfere.



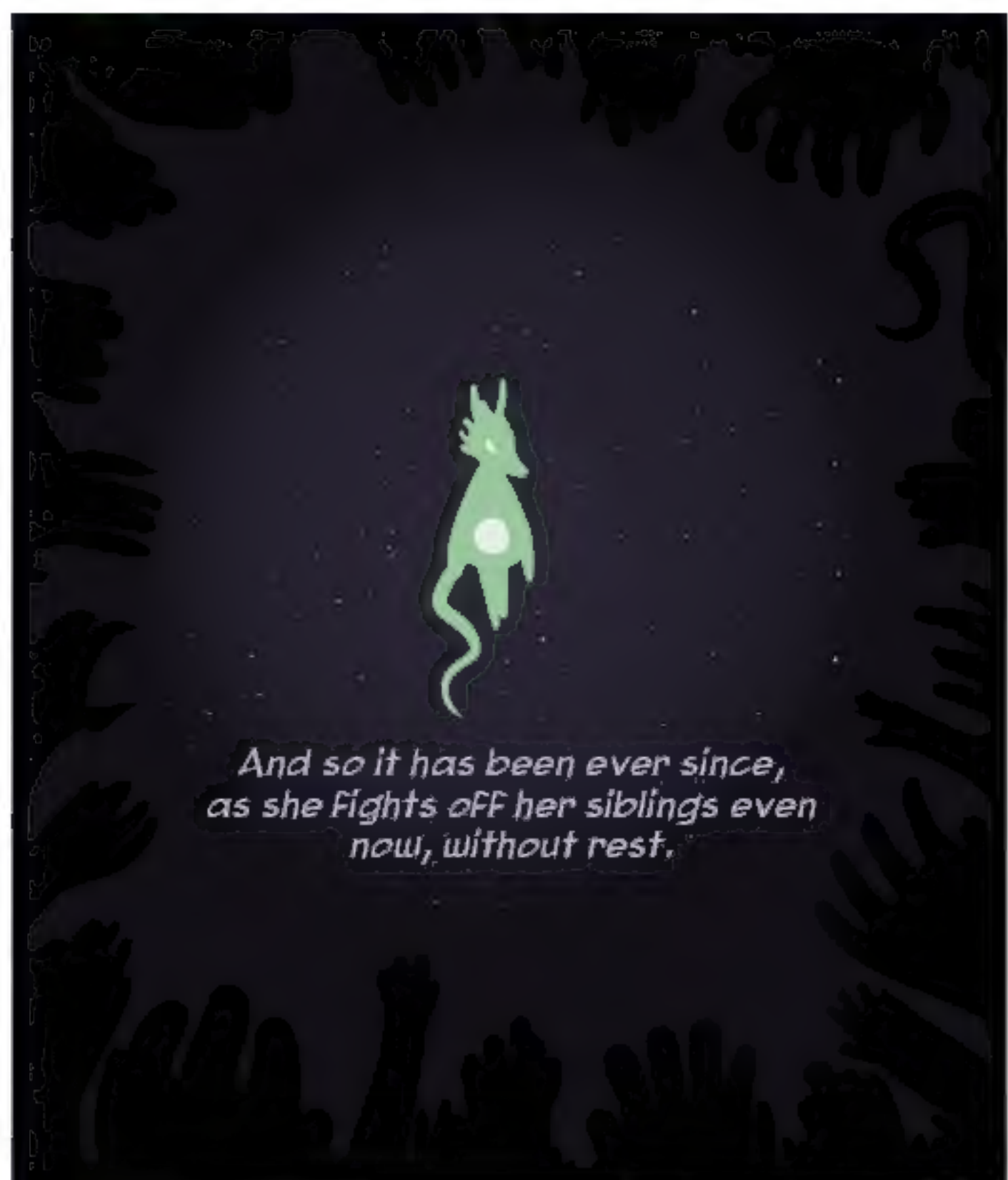
She pulled open her great pouch, using it-  
Haha! Grrross!  
Not gross! Cool! Pouches are cool!

Ugh, anyway, she pulled the universe into her pouch.

Which was **super cool**, okay?



Because now the gods couldn't get at any of us. All of creation was safe with Didelphi's care.



And so it has been ever since, as she fights off her siblings even now, without rest.



Unfortunately, the transition to Freedom was not a smooth one.

Without the gods to guide them, many of the mortals were left confused and scared, unsure of what to do now that they had the power to choose.

It led to discord and chaos, and entire races lashed out at one another for reasons they did not fully understand.

In the end, they chose to shun the very goddess who gave them the ability to even do so.

Even worse, since they could no longer directly hold her accountable, they instead took their hostility out on her entire family line.

We opossums have been taking the brunt of the blame for thousands of years.

And that, Lily, is why some people are so mean toward us sometimes.

's that also why we hadda move again?

YEP!  
We opossums can't afford to stay in one place for long.

...Aaaalso, mommy lost her temper and punched out one of the neighbors.

Again.



...So are we ther-

YES.



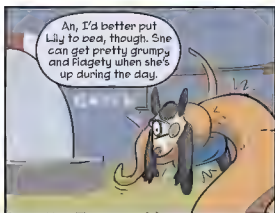








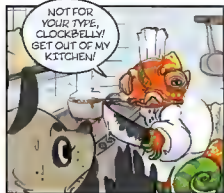




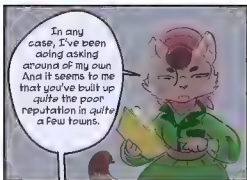


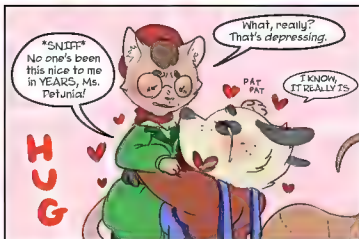
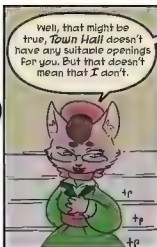




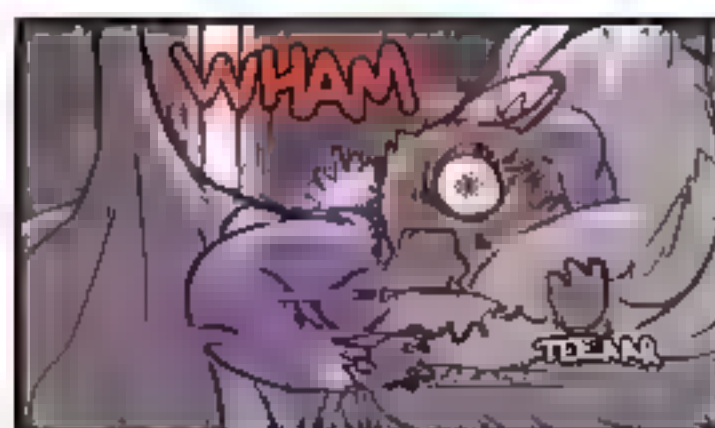
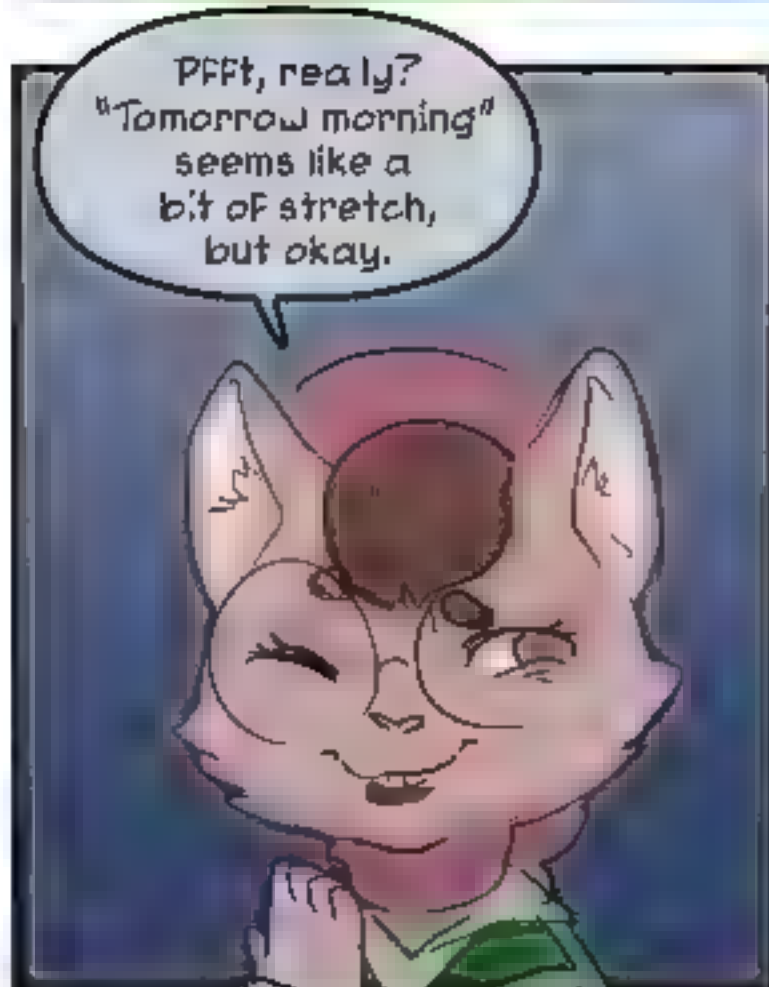
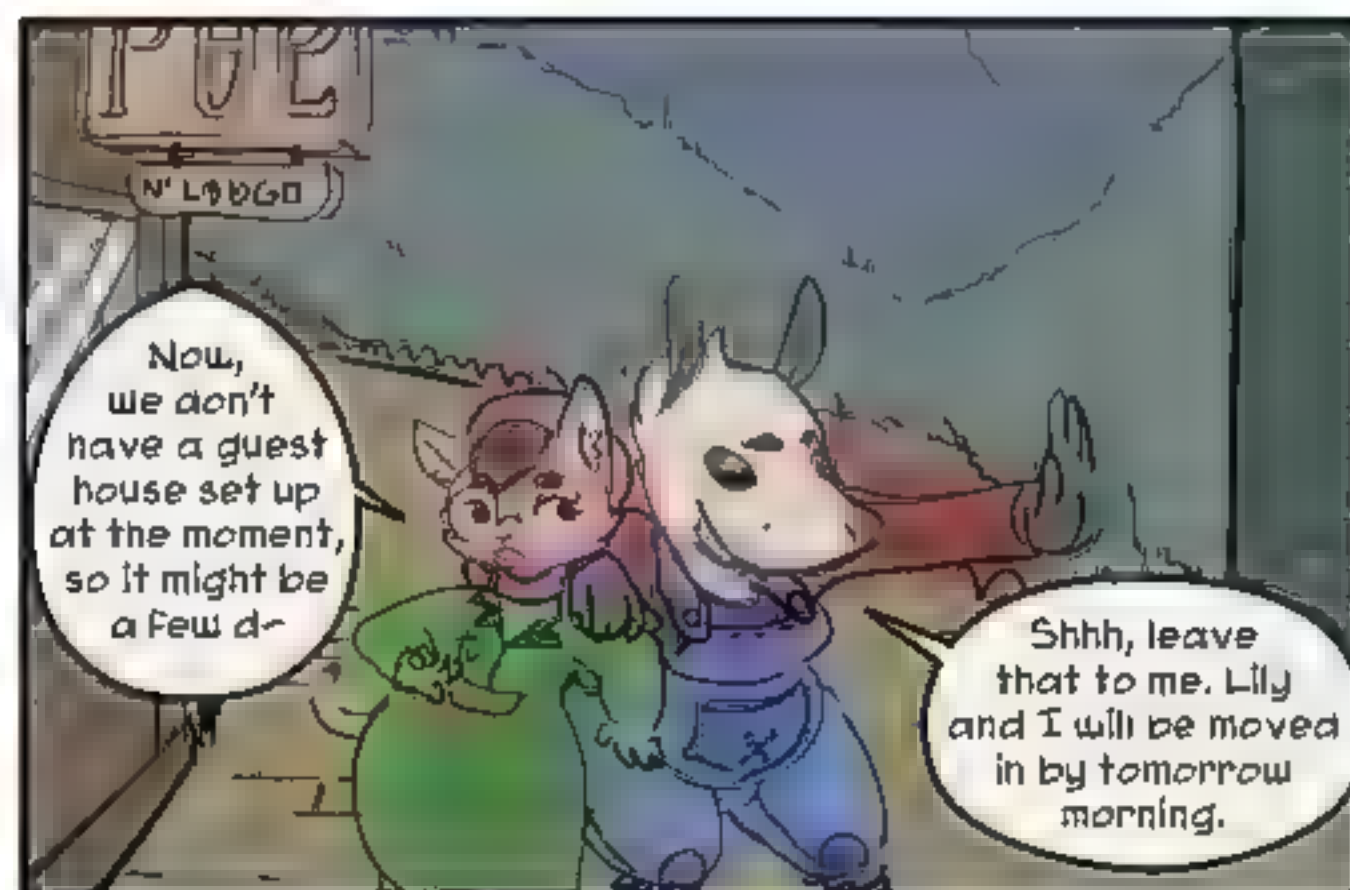








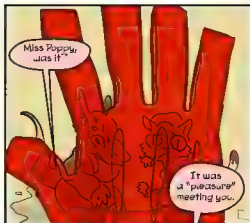




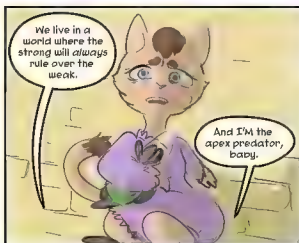


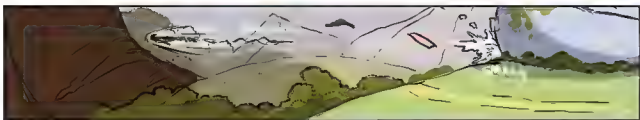
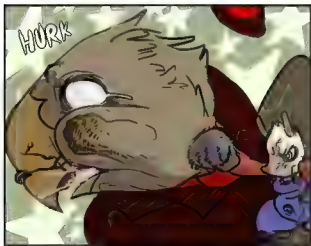


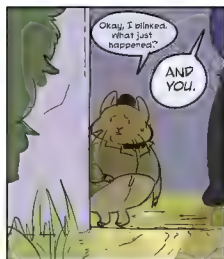


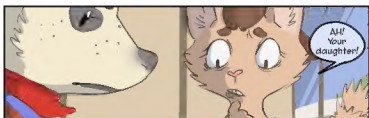




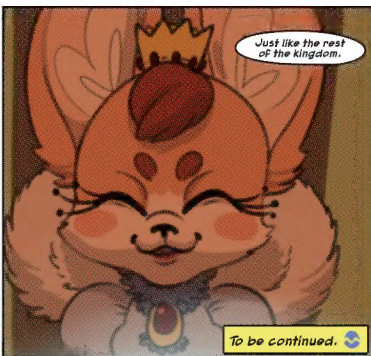












# MEANWHILE...

#1



## MEANWHILE... #2



## "SPELL PHONE"

